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THE
PULPIT AND ROSTRUM.

Sermons, Orations, Popular Lectures, &c.,

PHONOGRAPHICALLY REPORTED BY ANDREW J. GRAHAM AND CHARLES B. COLLAR.

INAUGURATION OF THE MILLS STATUE OF

George Washington,

IN THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FEBRUARY 22D, 1860.

ORATION

BY

HON. THOMAS S. BOCOCK.

Address by the Artist, CLARK MILLS, ESQ.

Prayer by the Rev. B. H. NADAL, D.D.

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SERMONS, LECTURES, ORATIONS, &c.

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WASHINGTON.

Oration by the Hon. Thomas S. Bocoek, on the occasion of the Inauguration of the Mills Statue of Washington, in the City of Washington, on February 22d, 1860.

MR. PRESIDENT, GENTLEMEN OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE OF THE TWO HOUSES OF CONGRESS, AND FELLOW-CITIZENS—It has been something more than sixty years since, in a plain but patriarchal mansion on the southern bank of the Potomac, George Washington yielded to the power of death, and gave up his spirit into the hands of his Father and his God. Around that death-bed were the usual indications of grief, and something more than the usual appointments of respect and reverence. The shock produced throughout the land by the announcement of the event was followed by a strong outburst of sorrow. Meetings were held, funeral orations were delivered, sorrowing resolutions were passed, the Congress of the United States deemed it a fit occasion to call out its best talents to set forth the merits of the deceased, and even in England and France appropriate honors were offered. But even all this did not show the extent to which the services and character of Washington had impressed the public mind of his own country and of the world. Nations knew him great, but knew not half the worth that lay concealed beneath his modest life. His countrymen failed at first fully to

appreciate the extent of their loss. And even his friends were unaware of the wealth of immortality which his name was destined to attain, so strange and difficult of appreciation during life is the quality that divides between the man that shall live and the man that shall die!

But as at the coming on of serene night one star appears after another, till at length the whole heavens glow with living sapphires, so, since the close of his day, one memorial has followed another, till soon the whole land will be studded with the monuments of his fame and the trophies of his immortality.

Several of the leading cities of the Union have already erected, within their limits, some suitable work to commemorate his greatness. This city, called, as it is, with his name, the seat of Government of our country—his country—a country he loved so well and served so truly—should not be behind in this labor of love.

Far to the east, keeping steady watch upon the Federal Capital, stands the colossal statue of Greenough. Yonder, in the south, in lonely isolation, is a structure whose incompleteness we regret, and which is designed to sustain another colossal statue that, as its presiding genius, shall overlook the Executive Mansion of the country. Here, in this appropriate spot, where the summer sunbeams latest linger, and where the breezes from the blue hills of his own native and beloved Virginia delight to play, we inaugurate this day a statue of America's greatest patriot, by one of America's living artists, an equestrian statue of George Washington by Clark Mills—a tardy completion of a work resolved on by the Continental Congress immediately after the Revolution! The delay has, perhaps, resulted from the

fact that no suitable national artist could heretofore be obtained. If Mr. Mills has been found competent to this great work—and the public voice pronounces that he has been—then he is most fortunate in his subject. It has recently been said of a kindred art, what with equal beauty and truth is applicable to this :

“ Art in its mighty privilege receives
Painter and painted in its bonds forever.
A Girl by Raphael in his glory lives ;
A Washington unto his limner gives
An age's love to crown his best endeavor.”

The historical incident which the work is designed especially to illustrate, affords some key to the character of its great subject, and suggests the line of remark which I shall pursue.

I shall not attempt a review and philosophical analysis of the whole conduct and character of Washington. Were such an attempt suited to the occasion, it has been forbidden to me by the shortness of the time allowed me for preparation, and that, too, in the midst of my Congressional duties.

When the news of the splendid feat performed by Washington, in the surprise and capture of the Hessians at Trenton, reached the headquarters of the British army at New York, it found Cornwallis just about to embark for England, in the comfortable assurance that the conquest of the Colonies was already virtually accomplished—a sad mistake for him, as the future was destined to prove. Gen. Howe, the British commander, arrested his departure, and sent him with a considerable force into New Jersey, to check and drive back the American army. Leaving in his rear a quantity of stores at Brunswick, and a number of troops at Prince-

ton, Cornwallis went forward to Trenton, near which the American forces under Washington then were.

In consequence of harassments which he met on the way, he did not enter Trenton until about nightfall; and therefore determined to delay, till the following morning, his intended attack on Washington.

The latter, finding himself face to face with a force greatly superior to his own, and knowing that either to suffer a repulse, or voluntarily to retreat from the Jerseys, would at that time exert a very disastrous influence on the patriotic cause, struck out one of those grand maneuvers with which he occasionally astonished his friends and overwhelmed his adversaries.

Leaving a few men to keep up fires and other camp operations during the night, thus deceiving the enemy, and then to follow after, he drew off the body of his forces in the dead of night, and made a hurried march to Princeton. Reaching the vicinity of that town early in the morning, he found the troops left there by Cornwallis in the act of setting out for Trenton. One or two regiments, under Col. Mawhood, already on the march, intercepted a division of the American force under Col. Hugh Mercer, whom Washington had sent on to enter Princeton by a route different from his own.

A collision ensued, and the troops under Col. Mercer were repulsed. A division of Pennsylvania militia, coming up to his relief, were also checked, and were in danger of being routed. At this juncture Washington himself dashed up on his white charger, and seeking by voice and example to rally the flying troops, and encourage the halting militia, rushed forward under the very muzzles of the enemy's guns. His soul was

thoroughly fired with determined zeal. The contagion spread. The American troops, with their reinforcements, returned to the contest. Washington's position, between opposing fires, was one of great danger. A terrific discharge from the enemy's guns at one time enveloped him in a cloud of smoke. He was lost to the view of his own friends, and his affectionate aide-de-camp gave him up in despair. The cloud was, however, not charged with ruin, but filled with mercy. He was presently seen to emerge unhurt. The greatest enthusiasm seized the American forces. The enemy in turn gave way, and as he saw them breaking into flight, Washington waved his hat in enthusiastic and exultant triumph.

At the moment already described, when he dashes forward toward the enemy's guns, and draws himself up in calm defiance, as though he would challenge his fate, and was indifferent to the result—it is as he appears at this moment that the artist seeks to present him in the statue before us. How firm his resolve! how his great soul is uplifted by a sense of his noble mission! Feeling himself an instrument of Heaven, to accomplish a nation's deliverance, he fears no harm. The messengers of death fly around him, but he heeds them not. His trust is in the shield of the Most High.

The quality most conspicuous in this incident, and the one most frequently accorded to Washington, is that of high unconquerable will. But that term very faintly describes his leading characteristic, here or elsewhere. In mere will there is no moral quality. It may be an instrument of evil, not less than an instrument of good; the attribute of the highwayman or the

pirate, as well as of the patriot. Even the fallen angel, in his lost and ruined estate, boasted still of—

“The unconquerable will
And study of revenge—immortal hate,
And courage never to submit or yield.”

The resolve of George Washington, in the affair at Princeton and elsewhere, was thoroughly grounded on, and thoroughly imbued with, conscientious conviction of duty. Duty! duty was the great controlling idea with him; and this was his distinguishing character. Few men ever had so strong a sense of duty; and perhaps none who, in the affairs of this world, had such an opportunity for its useful exercise. In every situation of difficulty or of danger it was a “light to his feet and a lamp to his path.” So strong, so deep, so sublime was his sense of duty, that in its discharge he felt himself under special guidance and protection of an overruling destiny.

“I think I see clearly the finger of Providence in my past life,” was a form of expression used by him; and again he said: “As the All-wise Disposer of events has hitherto watched over my steps, I trust,” etc.

But I would that his belief in destiny should not be misunderstood. It had in it nothing weak or superstitious. It was not the wild dream of the visionary, who reads in every operation of nature some vaticination of duty or of fate; not the deep delusion of the enthusiast, who mistakes the morbid action of his own corporeal system for the manifestations of spiritual impulse; not, indeed, the madness of the fanatic, who feels the prompting of his own wicked passions, and calls it the voice of God; nor yet was it a belief in that blind, un-

reasoning fate, that, in the moral economy of the ancient Greek, spoke through Oracles and pursued with Furies. His sense of duty was a robust, manly feeling, the verdict of a sound judgment sustained by an active healthy conscience. And in acting up to its dictates he felt himself under the guidance and protection of the Great Arbiter of truth and justice.

This was the basis of his belief in destiny. Stayed by it as by a great anchor, his soul was calm, steadfast, immovable. He had not that vulgar firmness which boasts itself for a purpose and surrenders for a price. His was that firmness that repels temptation, and makes one calmer as the storm grows louder. Let me present one or two illustrations. It will be remembered that when the great work was done, and the time approached for the army to be disbanded, they were greatly dissatisfied; they thought that Congress had treated them with injustice. With the assent and encouragement of Washington, it is scarcely a matter of doubt that they would have been ready to make him supreme ruler with the title of King. Think of Cromwell in such a position! What would he have done? He would have seen in all these demonstrations the finger of Providence, and would have promptly expelled Congress and assumed chief rule, all "for the glory of God and the good of the nation." Washington, on the contrary, scorned the proffered bribe and successfully rebuked the sedition.

There is another incident in his life which, perhaps, equally exhibits his self-denial and controlling sense of duty. The year 1777 was drawing to a close, under circumstances very unfavorable to the American commander-in-chief. The operations were probably planned

by him which led to the surrender of Gen. Burgoyne, but Gates had reaped the credit of the achievement. Under his own immediate supervision it had been, on the whole, an unlucky campaign. Brandywine, Germantown, and Fort Mifflin had been the scenes of disaster to his forces; and, to crown all, Philadelphia was in possession of the enemy. In the mean time a formidable cabal had been formed, in which Gates, Conway, Mifflin, and Lovell were the prime movers, whose object was to displace Washington from the chief command, and they were working not without some effect. Under these circumstances his friends thought it a matter of great importance to him to make a brilliant stroke. To drive the enemy out of Philadelphia and retake the city was evidently the achievement for the occasion. This Washington was satisfied he could accomplish. But, upon full consideration, he concluded that while success would re-establish his own influence, the effort would be attended with so much loss of life as to do real injury to the patriot cause. He therefore resisted all persuasion, and yielded his own interests for the good of the country. What Napoleon, or even Wellington, would have done, under similar circumstances, none can doubt. Washington alone could thus prefer duty to fame and power.

With so controlling a sense of duty, it may well be conceded that success could not greatly elevate nor reverse cast him down. In the one case he felt that he had merely been an instrument in the advancement of a good work; in the other, he replied that He who is stronger than armies, and more powerful than the winds and waves of adverse fortune, would, in His own good time, take care of His own cause. He was, therefore,

prone "to hope against hope." It was his maxim "*never to despair.*" He accustomed himself to look out from the present ill to the future good. Confidence in final triumph was almost always present with him, a calm and sedate, but sustaining impulse. In his long and hurried marches through unbroken forests, with the yells of the savages ringing in his ears; in his rude entrenchments at Round Meadows, surrounded by a much superior force of French and Indians, and far away from home and succor; at Braddock's defeat, when carnage strewed the field, and when his horse had been twice shot from under him, and the balls from the enemy's guns had four times pierced his garments; on that gloomy Christmas night, while struggling across the Delaware amid the floating ice, or while marching against the snowdrifts on toward Trenton; at this very battle of Princeton, while under the guns of the enemy, and enveloped in the smoke of their fire; in his cheerless winter quarters at Valley Forge, his men perishing with cold and hunger, his secret enemies plotting his own overthrow, and the country discouraged at the saddening prospect; on that final field of Yorktown, where the issue of the war and the fate of the country hung suspended on a single fight; whatever his situation or his circumstances, his calm, undaunted eye looked away to the future, and modestly hoped that it saw in its bosom ultimate, and complete, and grand, and transcendent triumph.

This same strong sense of duty gave him a great control over his feelings and his passions. Intellectually, perhaps, his nature might have been less averse to control than that of many other men; for as he was destitute of that brilliancy which dazzles and capti-

vates, so he was free from that teeming, restless fecundity of genius which will not be quiet and can not be restrained.

But his emotional nature, though very strong, was also subjected to control. The world is accustomed to look with indulgence, if not with favor, upon an impulsive and ardent temperament. With many impulse is honesty, and self-control is selfish calculation. But such ethical and selfish rules were all at fault in regard to Washington. He was naturally a man of high passions, but he sought, very successfully, to govern them. He was impulsive, but his impulses were curbed. What with another might have been selfish calculation, was with him earnest thought for the good of his country; and that which the world thought unfeeling sternness was firm devotion to duty. Like one of those heavenly visitors that occasionally appear for a short time in the sky, and then disappear, perhaps forever, whose distance and orbit astronomers are unable to ascertain, his qualities were so rare and his virtues so uncommon that they were not understood and appreciated by the world at large. His peculiar skill in Indian warfare brought upon him the reproach of a British general, who gave his life as a forfeit for his error. His well-timed delays and masterly inactivity caused him to be called, reproachfully, the *American Fabius*, by men whose ceaseless plotting and active intrigues ultimately brought them to ruin.

In the war of the Revolution we had peculiar difficulties to encounter. We had a sparse population, scattered over a wide extent of territory, and having no unity of feeling, even in relation to the Revolution itself, which was brought on more for the violation of

abstract right than for any felt oppression. There were, therefore, among our people many loyalists, and a very large number of anti-revolutionists. Money and forces were both scarce, and there was no common government to collect the one or enlist the other, but all was dependent on the action of the individual States, who, though contending against a common enemy, had yet a great feeling of individuality and jealousy among themselves. Some of them were often remiss in duty. Among the officers, coming, as they did, from different States, there was much rivalry and bad feeling. Here, then, was discord among the people, jealousy between the States, rivalry among the officers, a want of men and money to carry on the war, and no executive head to direct and control operations. To overcome these difficulties, peculiar qualities in the commander-in-chief were requisite. A clear, sound judgment, and a firm will; an ability to undergo hardships, and sympathy with the sufferings of others; economy in the use of means, and skill in preserving as well as in managing men; these were among the requisites, but above all there was needed a strong sense of duty to command confidence, and great patience and faith to enable him to sustain reverses, bear up under gloomy prospects, and serenely bide the time for an effective blow.

These were the very qualities which Washington had in so eminent a degree. A more brilliant man would have hazarded more, and that we could not afford. A less disinterested man would have lost the confidence of the army and of the nation, and one of weaker faith would himself have given up the contest in despair. Cæsar gained more brilliant victories, but he com-

manded well-drilled Roman legions. Napoleon fought more splendid battles, but his conscriptions of men and levies of money were almost boundless. With raw recruits, badly clothed, badly fed, badly paid, and often changing; with insubordinate officers plotting his overthrow, and Congress giving, very often, but feeble aid; amid desolated fields, and exposed to the rigors of the climate; under such circumstances it required a Washington to achieve the glorious result of the American Revolution.

But the crowning act of glory, in this connection, remained to be done. With a laurel-crowned and confiding army at his back, with the praises of a grateful nation ringing in his ears, when the existing form of government had already provoked discontent, when ambition might well have fired his heart, and glory beckoned him on to those higher reaches of power which most men so much desire to attain, he nobly went forward and surrendered his commission into the hands of Congress. Nations looked on in wonder; those who doubted the integrity of mankind, and felt sure that he aimed at the imperial purple, were struck dumb with astonishment. The star of his military renown pales now before the clearer, and purer, and brighter light of his moral heroism. The name of Annapolis is married to that of Bunker Hill, King's Mountain, and Yorktown, and the character of Washington has become consecrated forever in the heart of every true patriot. Few military heroes have the qualities requisite for true statesmanship; but the fame which he acquired in the field, and the character and qualities he thus developed, enabled him, better than all others, to inaugurate our experiment of civil government.

If doubts were entertained about the new Constitution, it was something in its favor that he had been President of the Convention which framed it, and that he gave it his assent. If men were jealous of the power vested in the new central Executive head, it aided to reconcile them when they reflected that the power thus given was in the hands of one of so much moderation and true patriotism. If a spirit of lawlessness at any one time broke forth, it was already half subdued when rebuked by one who had triumphed often, but never more signally than when he triumphed over himself.

When a sectional spirit began to break forth (and it sometimes did, even at that early day), it saw at the head of affairs one who had made every section of the Union the witness of his trials, his exertions, and his dangers, and who was known not only as the first of Virginia citizens, but also as the first of American patriots.

Whatever wisdom could devise, or firmness execute, or clemency soften, or self-devotion suffer, all this, it was known, might confidently be expected of him.

As the military career of Washington had its trials, its hardships, and its mental disquietudes, so his administration of the Executive office was not unattended with many anxieties and difficulties. In putting the new machinery into motion there was at once a question about ceremonials. The hatred to aristocracy was so great, that it looked with suspicion even upon these simple forms which are almost inseparable from political and even social organization. The Indians on our frontier created disturbances which it was necessary to quell; and an insurrectionary movement in one of the States,

growing out of our excise laws, though quickly suppressed, gave real trouble. Then, too, an unhappy difference which early arose among the constitutional advisers of the President, in relation to the finance and currency questions, continued during many years of his administration. And ultimately the relative relations of our country toward England and France created great bitterness of party feeling, in which the administration was involved, and which the honored head of that administration did not entirely escape.

Throughout all, however, Washington, by his great weight of character, his sound, clear judgment, and his manifest disinterestedness, managed to retain the confidence and regard of the country. In all he manifested the same devotion to duty, and the same modest reliance on an overruling Providence, which he so much displayed in his military career. Here, again, as soon as his sense of public duty would allow, he withdrew from public position.

Had Washington never lived, what would have been the result of our revolutionary struggle? Had he died immediately after the close of the war, what would have been the fate of our governmental experiment? These are speculations which it will never be allowed us in this life to solve. As in the one case we can not say that the struggle would not ultimately have ended triumphantly, so, in the other, we do not know that our present form of government would not have been successfully established. For myself, I doubt the latter proposition as much as the former. Under another man, as first President, the fury of party strife would have been far greater, and sectional discord much stronger. Insurrectionary movements would have been

more numerous and difficult of suppression, and foreign jealousy more bold and effective.

Though the ship of state may have ultimately made the port, it is certain that she would have encountered more adverse currents and been tossed upon more tempestuous seas. The political tempest which was passing over the country at the time of his death gives some faint idea of what might have been expected, without him, in the earlier and more unsettled state of our institutions. The immortal legacy which, in his "Farewell Address," he gave to the country on his final retirement, has already exhausted eulogy. The patriot heart has often kindled over it in the past, and will do so forever in the future. It will go down to the remotest posterity which shall inhabit this land of liberty, as an inestimable compend of whatever is true in wisdom, holy in patriotism, and far-seeing in statesmanship. Would that its doctrines were not only infused into every mind, but engraved upon every heart! Would that its lesson of "equal laws," involving equal burdens and equal benefits, equal duties and equal protection, and of strict regard for constitutional limitation in all cases, was made the basis of all our political action! Then, indeed, would party feuds and sectional animosities be allayed. A spirit of mutual respect and fraternal concord would fill the land with the fruits of peace, prosperity, and happiness. With all our fertile soil, salubrious climate, skillful industry, and enriching trade, this only is needed to usher in, amid shouts of triumph and songs of rejoicing, the political millennium of our land.

Now, though withdrawn from public position, his controlling sense of duty made Washington still anxious

for his country, and ready to render any service which might appear incumbent on him. So, when it seemed that a war with France was inevitable, old man as he was, enshrined as he was in the hearts of his countrymen, with nothing more of fame to attain, and nothing more of glory to covet, from a pure sense of duty, he agreed to take charge of the armies of the nation, and to imperil life, reputation, everything, for his country's good. The occasion for his services did not arise, but the certainty that it would not was scarcely manifest when death came to summon him to the "mansions of eternal rest."

It is allowed to few men to carry on a revolution, and to see it successfully terminated in the independence of a nation. Fewer still, perhaps, are permitted to inaugurate a new government, and witness its firm establishment in the freedom of a people. Washington had the singular good fortune to do both, and to die at last at home and in the bosom of his family.

Hero! Patriot! Sage! If there be one title more pure, more lofty, more noble than all others, by that title I would name him. To whom shall we liken him, or with whom shall he be compared? There is the long list of military heroes, in ancient and modern times. Let them pass in solemn procession across the stage, each bearing the torch of his past life, like the solemn procession of torch-bearers in the sacred mysteries of Eleusis. Gaze on them as they pass. Great, illustrious, resplendent! There are Alexander and Hannibal, Sylla and Cæsar, Charlemagne and Marlborough, Bonaparte and Wellington. Which one of them all that has not a record marked by some weakness, or marred by some crime? Love of glory, lust of

dominion, or greed of gain, is written by the pen of history upon the escutcheon of all.

Think, then, of the eminent statesmen whose talents have illustrated and qualities ennobled their age and country. I will not attempt to name them; but who is there among them all who, having the wisdom always to perceive, had at the same time the sense of duty to carry out the best interests of the country. Consider, if you please, how Richelieu lived and how Wolsey died; and tell me, then, if these were such as Washington. I will not equal him with the Scripture patriarchs. It would be wrong so to do. What of mere mortality could equal the firmness of Moses as he came down from Sinai, his face all glowing from the presence of his God? What could equal the faith of Abraham as he tracked his lonely pilgrimage through the plains of Shinar, seeking a land that he knew not of? These pictures have a far-off, haze-enveloped, Oriental background. They are drawn with the pencil of inspiration, and colored with the hues of heaven. I could not say that they correctly represent Washington in any phase of his character. But I will say that, in duty and in faith, he approached them more nearly than any other hero-statesman of whom I have any knowledge. I would not deal in any exaggeration, but I desire to be just.

Washington may have had ambition, but it was not of that stamp that made the angels fall. He loved popularity, but not to gratify a vulgar vanity. His ambition was for his country's good. He took office to achieve a great end. When that was accomplished, he withdrew gladly to that retirement which was ever grateful to his heart, and which, in all circumstances

and conditions in which he might be placed, always stretched out before him in the future as the calm and peaceful haven of his hopes. Had he been less a good man, he would not thus have desired retirement, for none but a good man could so love the calm delights of privacy and the pure joys of the domestic circle and the family fireside. Had he been not so much a great one, he would never have left his home.

Strange decree of fate! that in this western world, but recently known to civilization, and only partially reclaimed from the savages; over which the dull oblivion of unnumbered centuries had not yet ceased to brood; without literature, without polite arts, without settled social organization, without position among nations—that in such a land, almost unknown and utterly uncared for, there should have arisen a man who was destined to equal, in the estimation of the virtuous and the good, all ancient glory and all modern fame.

The verdict of the French philosopher Guizot, pronounced in view of his whole record, was, that “of all great men he was the most virtuous and the most fortunate—in this world God has no higher favors to bestow;” while the great English orator, jurist, and statesman, Lord Brougham, has declared that, “until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of Washington.”

As certain vegetable products are the natural growth of particular soils, at particular times, so some men spring almost necessarily out of certain forms of civilization, and stand as the representatives of the times and countries in which they live.

Pericles—able, accomplished, magnificent—was the representative man of Athens in the time of her highest civilization and prosperity. Richard I. was the representative man of England in the days of chivalry, and Charles II. in the days of gallantry. These men could scarcely have lived in any other age or clime. So Washington could scarcely have had his existence in any other time or country. He could no more have been an Italian of the middle ages than Machiavelli could have been an American, or Cæsar Borgia an Englishman—than the Parthenon could have been a Gothic cathedral, or Westminster Abbey a Grecian temple. He was at once the offspring and the type of American civilization at his time. He was our great forest-bred Cavalier, with all the high honor of his ancestral stock of De Wessingtons, with all the hardy firmness of a pioneer, and with all the kindly courtesy of his native State. Among the Adamses and Hancocks, the Lees and Henrys, the Sumpters and Rutledges of that day, he stood forth prominently as the representative man and the exemplar of our Revolution, just as that triplex monstrosity of Danton, Marat, and Robespierre was the exemplar of the French.

He was a man of firm adherence to principle. We fought for principle in the revolutionary struggle. He was a man of signal moderation. Such was the spirit of our contest. He had great self-control. Unlike other revolutions, ours advanced not one step beyond the point proposed. Having reached that, it subsided as easily, as gracefully, and as quietly, as though the voice of Omnipotence itself had spoken to the great deep of our society, saying, "*Peace, be still.*"

Could he have lived in ancient days, the strains of

immortal verse would have told of his deeds, and fond adherents would have numbered him among the gods.

Those days are past; but we have yet hearts to admire, and pens to record, and tongues to praise his private virtues and his public worth. And when century after century shall have rolled by, bearing its fruits into the bosom of the past; even when men shall look back to this time, through the haze and mist of a remote and far-off antiquity, if this shall still be a land of free-men, this day shall still be fondly cherished as the anniversary of the birth of Washington; increased reverence shall attend his character, and thickening honors shall cluster around his name.

Upon this representative and similitude of the great and honored dead, which we this day put forth before the world, the winds shall blow, the rains shall fall, and the storms shall beat, but it shall stand unhurt amid them all. So shall it be with the fame of him whose image it is. The breath of unfriendly criticism may blow upon it; the storms that betoken moral or social change may break upon it; but it shall stand firmly fixed in the hearts and memories of every true, and honest, and liberty-loving man who inhabits our land or cherishes our institutions.

The inhabitants of this city, as they behold this statue, day after day, will look upon it as the palladium of their privileges and the silent guardian of their prosperity. And the thousand and tens of thousands that from every nation, kingdom, and tongue yearly go forth to gaze upon and admire the wonders of the earth, when they shall come up to this "Mecca of the mind," shall pause with reverential awe, as they gaze upon this similitude of the mighty Washington.

Year after year shall that dumb image tell its eloquent story of patriotism, devotion, and self-sacrifice; year after year shall it teach its holy lesson of duty and of faith; with generation after generation shall it plead for institutions founded in wisdom and a country bought with blood. To the clouds and storms that gather over and break upon it, it will tell of the clouds and storms through which its great antitype did pass in his devoted course on earth; and when the great luminary of the heavens, descending with his golden shower of beams like imperial Jove, shall wrap it in its warm embrace, it shall tell the sun that He who gave him his beams and bade him shine, has decreed that one day the darkness of eternal night shall settle on his face; but then the spirit of the mighty Washington, basking in an eternal sunlight above, shall still

A darkening universe defy
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God."

ADDRESS

By Clark Mills, Esq., the Artist of the Statue, on the Same Occasion.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The lateness of the hour will prevent me from trespassing upon your patience; but permit me, in justice to myself, to say that this statue is intended for a much greater elevation than it now has. It has been so placed in consequence of the appropriation being inadequate to carry out the original design. If that had been carried out it would have been forty feet in height. The base is marble, the figure is bronze, and the pedestal is divided into three

parts, representing three great epochs in our country's history. The first story represents the country as it was when first discovered, and inhabited by Indians. The second story represents the dawn of civilization, and the third represents the great Revolutionary epoch. Washington's generals are all represented, life size, and in full relief, surmounted by the equestrian statue of the "Father of his Country." The incident selected for the representation of this statue was at the battle of Princeton, a description of which may be found in Upham's "Life of Washington," page 213, where Washington, after several ineffectual attempts to rally his troops, advanced so near to the enemy's lines that his horse refused to go farther, but stood trembling, while the balls tore up the earth under his feet; and while the noble horse is represented terror-stricken, the dauntless hero is calm and dignified, as if believing himself the instrument, in the hand of Providence, to work out the great problem of liberty. The likeness is a faithful representation of a cast taken from the living face of Washington, at Mount Vernon, in 1785, by Monsieur Houdon. This cast was placed on a bracket over the door in Washington's library, where it remained until permission was granted for a copy to be made for this noble subject. The uniform is a *fac-simile* of the one worn by Washington, which is now in the Patent Office. The trappings of the horse are from that truthful artist and patriot, Trumbull. Ladies and gentlemen, it will be to my memory a dark day indeed when I shall forget this vast concourse of persons around me; and should this humble effort meet your approbation, my proudest recollection will be the consciousness of having perpetuated, in imperishable bronze, the form

and features of not only the Hero of New Orleans, but the Hero of the Revolution, whose life and character have ever been my admiration.

THE PRAYER,

By Rev. B. H. Nadal, D.D., on the Same Occasion.

ALMIGHTY God, infinite in majesty, wisdom, power, and holiness, we would humbly bow ourselves as a nation in the dust at Thy glorious feet, and acknowledge the weakness of our strength, the waywardness of our own stability, the worthlessness of our own righteousness, the uncertainty of our truth, and the immutability of our dependence upon Thee. Look down upon the nation's uplifted face in pity—look in mercy—hear and forgive our sins. When we consider the heavens which Thou hast made, the moon and the stars, the works of Thy fingers, we are ready to cry out from the tiny world we inhabit, “Lord, what is man, that Thou takest account of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?” We have built cities which teem with population; we have erected capitols with their lofty domes; we have combined masses of granite and marble into edifices of national pride, and pomp, and splendor, and, as by a creative mind, we have made statues to leap upon their bases in honor of our heroes and statesmen; but one thought of Thee, of Thine immensity, of Thine ineffable, inconceivable almightiness, of Thine unapproachable holiness, dwarfs all our magnificence, and vails our cunningly-wrought marble, and granite, and bronze in their appropriate littleness. With our faces in the dust, from amid the

symbols of our national glory and pride, we confess that Thou alone art great. We thank Thee, O God, this day for our existence as a nation, for our free institutions, for our brief but happy history, so replete with the evidences of providential intervention. We give Thee hearty thanks for the brave soldiery that conquered our liberties, for the noble self-sacrificing leaders who directed them in their marches and marshaled them in battle; and particularly this day, in the presence of this patriotic scene, would we give Thee thanks for him whom these ceremonies are intended to honor. We praise Thee for his beautiful and lofty character, to which Christianity gave the completing grace; for the perfect commingling of prudence, and valor, and wisdom in his mental constitution, and for protecting his patriotic breast from hostile steel and lead during the whole of that war in which he was at once Thy chief instrument and the nation's chief earthly hope; and we raise our earnest cry to Thee that this statue, which the loving hearts and united hands of the whole nation now set up in honor of the faithfulness of our God and the loving Father of our Country, may become a sacred shrine, before which the fierceness of sectional strife shall learn to chasten itself, and where national unity and fraternity ever and anon, down to the latest posterity, shall renew their noblest inspiration and rekindle their intensest ardor. We offer our prayer, O Lord, in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, be eternal praises. Amen.

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